anything but plain (your golden heart shines bright)
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Relationships:
Midoriya Izuku & Yamada Hizashi | Present Mic, Aizawa Shouta | Eraserhead & Midoriya Izuku, Aizawa Shouta | Eraserhead/Yamada Hizashi | Present Mic, Midoriya Izuku & Nedzu, Midoriya Izuku & Tsukauchi Naomasa, Midoriya Izuku & Sasaki Mirai | Sir Nighteye, Fukukado Emi | Ms. Joke & Midoriya Izuku, Midoriya Izuku & Usagiyama Rumi | Miruko, Midoriya Izuku & Takami Keigo | Hawks

Characters:
Midoriya Izuku, Midoriya Inko, Yamada Hizashi | Present Mic, Usagiyama Rumi | Miruko, Sasaki Mirai | Sir Nighteye, Yagi Toshinori | All Might, Tsukauchi Naomasa, Nedzu (My Hero Academia), Aizawa Shouta | Eraserhead, Takami Keigo | Hawks, Class 1-A (My Hero Academia)

Additional Tags:
Quirkless Midoriya Izuku, BAMF Midoriya Izuku, Smart Midoriya Izuku, Analyst Midoriya Izuku, Vigilante Midoriya Izuku, Midoriya Izuku is a Ray of Sunshine, Midoriya Izuku is a Little Shit, Midoriya Izuku is a Dork, Midoriya Izuku Has One for All Quirk, Good Parent Midoriya Inko, Nicknames, Pre-Sports Festival Arc (My Hero Academia), Midoriya Izuku-centric, Chaotic Nedzu (My Hero Academia), Aizawa Shouta | Eraserhead is So Done, Parental Aizawa Shouta | Eraserhead, Tsukauchi Naomasa Needs a Break, Older Sibling Takami Keigo | Hawks, BAMF Usagiyama Rumi | Miruko, Cryptid Midoriya Izuku, hes a menace when he wants to be, Midoriya Izuku is a Mess, Crack Treated Seriously, Fluff and Crack, i should not be in charge of tagging this, Tooth-Rotting Fluff, just…

there’s so much fluff in here, Midoriya 'I Can't Be A Vigilante Without A Quirk' Izuku

Language:
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Series:
Part 17 of Saga of the King

Collections:
BNHA keepers, My Hero Academia Fics To Cleanse Your Soul ♨, MHA Collections - Izu centric, Absolutely favorite works, My Favourite Bnha stories to read, Finished Works Me Have Read, Works Me Like, Kai's Eclectic Collection of Fics, Flashfreeze Recs, Late Night Reads For Restless Spirits, Bnha (rheos), 👌 good shit, Amaris' Favorite Ever BNHA Fictions That She Has Read More Than You Can Count, my personal stash of good bnha shit, Stories Which Made for a Better Day, MHA fanfics to reread for laughs or mystery! Or better yet warmth!, I read this instead of sleeping, Nohn's Favorites, BNHA/MHA, bnha fics, Kit's Favourite BNHA/MHA Fics, Izu is a chaos gremlin and/or maybe adopts everyone (TiaLee), heroes try to steal izuku ig, Fics to read again and again📚🌟, BNHA Favourites!!!, hixpatch's all time favorites, fics that hit the brain itch, Fics that soothe my soul at 4am, WorthIT, My Hero Academia Stories, fics I could consume, SSFAV, BNHA, Honestly every fanfic of Izuku I have ever read., ⚡My Hero Academia Works⚡, Izuku Midoriya (because I like him and he deserves more), The_Pinnacles_of_BNHA, mort's bnha favorites!!, Fanfics That Make Me Wanna Stay Up 'Til 3AM, Yummy fics

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anything but plain (your golden heart shines bright)

by wawaka

Summary

"What?" Izuku can't help but question as he stares at the board.

It's just - well - there **had** to be something wrong with the numbers. He knew for a *fact* there would be no reasonable explanation for him to have this many internship offers.

So how did he have more offers than Todoroki and Kacchan combined?

Notes

Hello!!

So this is a concept I've wanted to work on for a while. It's basically calling to attention just how many hero fights Izuku ran around and watched, because there's no way they didn't see him everytime he turned up. (and I wrote this entire thing in two days, so chill out. I know it needs edited. I will fix the ending, eventually.)

Also, I got so much inspiration from the fic that I tagged, so go make sure to show them some love, because they did this concept so much justice :))

This fic has Fanart?! (this is amazing, i love you all so much, you have no idea)

See the end of the work for more notes

- Inspired by Haven't I Seen You Before? by Barid (Finale)

Present Mic

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Hizashi loved his jobs. All three of them.

He got to meet so many enthusiastic kids and students through UA and took pleasure in his ability to help guide them towards their futures.

He loved seeing the nervous and hesitant first years become strong and independent third years, ready to take Japan by storm with everything that they've learned, using the knowledge that Hizashi himself had helped provide them with.

It made him proud to see the future generations making waves in their respective career fields and he always smiles whenever an old student of his sends him a thank you card or invites him to their weddings and monumental moments of their lives.

And then there was his physical hero work.

Admittedly, he doesn't patrol as much as a regular hero does, since he's usually called in as a heavy hitter for large missions and such, but he loves being able to walk around and provide a sense of ease with just his presence.

Talking with fans and helping around with things people considered mundane always brought him a feeling of satisfaction that he wasn't sure would ever be erased.

There was something about being able to actively help the citizens of Japan that eased something dark and scarred in his heart, letting that restless feeling find the calmness in his day to day life.

There was also something about his radio show that helped him smile brighter on those darker days and feel a sense of peace wash over him while he virtually interacted with his fanbase.

If Hizashi was being honest with himself, his radio show might be the job that he takes the most pride in.

His radio show started off during a dead night shift slot, with only the

help of a producer and himself working around the clock to make sure everything could be perfect for when they aired their segment on Friday nights.

Within a year, he had been able to move his radio station inside his own agency and was given a full team to ensure the ongoing success of the show.

He still ran his Friday nights like he used to, with him physically manning the show and talk portion segment, but it was fantastic to be given the opportunity to grow his dream and place *Put Your Hands Up* as an official radio station to play songs and offer segments of news to look out for during all hours.

And he absolutely *loved* the one constant that came with his radio show.

It was within the first *week* after he had started his caller segment that he was able to meet one of the brightest minds he'd ever had the pleasure to speak with.

Their mother had called in and politely asked if it was okay for her son to ask a few questions. As soon as their pleasantries were finished and the phone was handed off, the child started to *talk*.

The things that the child came up with were fascinating.

Theories that Hizashi would never think of were being fired at him, almost faster than he could process, and questions were littered throughout an impressive analysis of a recent hero fight Hizashi had been a part of, especially for a child that sounded no older than seven.

If the kid hadn't been so proud to exclaim that he wanted to be a hero (*just like Hizashi*) then he would've been fearing for his life.

But the kid didn't *want* to use his gifts for terrible things and so, thus started one of the best Friday night traditions Hizashi could've asked for.

A few weeks into their discussions about hero fights and if they did the wrong or right thing (*which was absolutely fascinating to listen to - the empathy this child could have for everyone, including villains*), Hizashi asked for a name from the little listener.

Admittedly, he had started to call the kid his littlest listener, but that

probably wasn't true and he didn't want to make the kid uncomfortable by choosing a nickname for him.

And, with the help of the boy's mother, Hizashi had finally been formally introduced to his favorite caller; Kannon.

Throughout the years, without fail, Hizashi had the opportunity to talk with Kannon about many different things.

They spoke about heroes and their activism (*straying away from too much analysis after that first night when Hizashi got a call directly after Kannons', threatening to use the kid's analysis to defeat Hizashi when he went on patrol next*), and they talked in depth about societal issues surrounding those with weak and useless quirks, villainous and mutant quirks, and *especially* about the quirkless.

Kannon had one of the most open minds Hizashi had ever had the pleasure to speak with and the kid was smart enough to piece out specific clues Hizashi would give them throughout a call whenever he asked a few questions about Hizashi's hero work and support gear with clues of his own.

They spoke about how villains were created and why governmental parties should be working to fix the problem instead of attempting to slow the symptoms of their broken society (*that night was the first night Shouta had outwardly told Hizashi that he had listened to the broadcast and they spoke - at length - about the concepts a young child was able to think of with growing fascination*).

Hizashi learned that Kannon loved All Might but anyone who wanted to help people was admired by the boy as well. He fondly listened as the boy would talk about his favorites with Hizashi, lovingly describing the katsudon he ate at *least* once a week and happily expressing his admiration for the color red.

With all of these Friday night calls, Hizashi was informed by his PR manager that he had shot up in the rankings as soon as he started to give a bit of insight about his own life.

It made sense, since most of the public saw heroes as untouchable beings and unreachable celebrities but it still warmed his heart more than he thought possible when he found out.

Because the public *loved* Kannon and, in turn, loved Present Mic's radio show.

Once, a caller specifically asked Kannon a question about his nickname, even though the boy wasn't on the air with Hizashi. He just wrote it down and asked Kannon himself a few minutes later, when the kid inevitably called.

Flustered and stuttering, just like the kid was seven again, he finally explained that his mother liked to learn about different religions, mythologies and other cultures, earning him some questionable nicknames throughout his life.

Kannon was the earliest odd nickname he was given, and was the Japanese equivalent of a Chinese bodhisattva who was known for their compassion and kindness.

Hizashi couldn't deny that the nickname suited the kid well.

Afterwards, many different people would call in and praise Kannon for something that he brought up the previous Friday night, ask him certain questions, or take to social media to praise the regular caller for giving them something fun and informative to listen to as they studied for their finals or made lunches for the next day.

Hizashi was a bit distraught when Kannon didn't call in until late one Friday night, although he felt terrible when the kid quietly confessed that he hadn't realized so many people were listening to their talks over the years, obviously worried about the idea of people intentionally listening to him.

It took a few months to work Kannon back into the habit of calling earlier and forgetting about the other people listening in.

He seemed to be as allergic as Shouta when it came to his media presence (*because it was undeniable - the kid had garnered a presence worthy of a PR staff*) but was quick to forget about it when he spoke with Hizashi and got lost in his theories and ideas.

The most interesting thing that's ever happened with Kannon was when Hizashi read off a question asking about the kid's quirk.

He had to admit, he was interested in knowing about it too but Kannon had panicked out a polite goodbye and hung up before Hizashi could get a word in.

So, just like Hizashi, the public started learning Kannon's boundaries as well as his passions.

Hizashi made sure to only ask the questions that were guaranteed to set the kid on a talking spree, hardly pausing for breath in between his long sentences.

The avid followers of Kannon on social media started doxing anyone who tried to pry too hard about the kid's personal life and (*on one memorable occasion*) aired a hater's dirty laundry to the world when they threatened to track down the kid and expose him.

It was the constant that Hizashi never knew he needed with the radio show.

And then the day came where he heard Kannon's voice in real life.

Admittedly, Hizashi had decided against asking about anything school related since it seemed like Kannon wasn't excited to share that part of his life, so you can imagine his surprise when he called on Midoriya Izuku to answer a question in class and heard his favorite little listener's voice.

He was sure he stared for a bit too long before he jumped back into his hero persona and continued on with the class, internally screaming at his husband for not giving him a warning (*because he just knew Shouta had figured it out*).

And he admits that he *did* brag to his co-workers and other heroes that he had finally met Kannon after all this time.

And then the sports festival happened and Hizashi got the best seat in the stadium to watch Midoriya race through the obstacle course with inventive plans, strategize with a team during the cavalry battles, and then proceed to break and re-break his fingers and arms during his one v one battles.

Hizashi's heart couldn't take it. He *knew* this kid was undeniably the same one who broke down his analysis into clever clues so he could talk to Present Mic about it all. So his power must've been near unusable before he started training at UA, which terrified Hizashi to no end.

But he knew intimately how hard it was to get a wrangle on his own powerful quirk, which is why he spent so many years learning about the physical mutations his throat and ears had and why his body needed such a natural resistance against his quirk.

From the looks of it, Midoriya *didn't* have any physical mutations to

help him wrangle his quirk, so he was stuck with a powerhouse inside of him with no clear guidance on how he could use it without breaking apart.

Hizashi just smirked to himself as he wrote down Midoriya's name on the internship paper. He had no issue offering up an internship to Midoriya. He knew how fast a learner Midoriya was through Shouta's stories about the kid and he, selfishly, wanted to see it in action.

And if he could teach the kid a thing or two about confidence, then maybe, just maybe, he could finally ask Kannon to officially join him on Friday nights for his radio show.

Chapter End Notes

I want to talk about one of my favorite things ever! Religions and mythology!

So, Kannon is actually the Japanese spelling of Guanyin (Chinese) and is largely known as a compassionate bodhisattva who hears the cries of sentient beings and works tirelessly to help those who call their name.

There are a few other depictions of what this bodhisattva does but I ended up using the description written in the Lotus Sūtra (ch. 25), since it fit Izuku the best.

Also, in early Chinese history (before the Song Dynasty), they referred to this bodhisattva as the personification of compassion and kindness.

In lots of places, they refer to Guanyin as a god/goddess so their descriptions are a bit different than the one I was using.

If I messed ANYTHING up or used Kannon's name in an offensive manner, give me constructive criticism.

It will take no effort on my part to switch the nickname I gave Izuku in this story and I just wanted this to be a fun little thing to describe Izuku as, as well as give Inko a hobby.

Zero harm will be done if you tell me off for doing something stupid. I will take no offense as long as you're respectful about it.

Sir Nighteye

Chapter Notes

> That was exciting, ngl.
>
> Now, let me just say, Izuku's perspective is going to be the last chapter, since I want everyone to know exactly how many pro-heroes he managed to catch the attention of and why.
>
> So, without further ado, let's welcome Sir Nighteye to the forefront!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

There was a bit of a rumor running around in the underground as of late. That's not to say that the rumor has no merit (*since its presence has undeniably impacted them*) but it was interesting, since no one could confirm who exactly was behind it all.

Interestingly enough, an anonymous emailer was making their rounds through different Twilight and Underground Heroes inboxes.

Detailed and professional analyses about the corresponding heroes were sent, all listing their various strengths, how to strengthen them, weaknesses, how to minimize them, their pros and cons of the support gear they wore, and more, all while ensuring them of the security of the email line and promising that no one else had the analysis except themselves and the hero it was sent to.

It was as helpful as it was dangerous.

Everyone seemed to agree that the analyses weren't given to them out of malice, since the emailer always sounded exceptionally excited whenever a hero praised the work or asked if they could commission another analysis from them.

But Mirai was still more hesitant than most of the others. To ease his own mind and worries, he recruited a team from the Musutafu police department to help him locate the anonymous analyst.

And, to his surprise, the account was pinging from a remote location in France.

This led to a series of emails being sent back and forth between Mirai

and this analyst, who had signed all of their work under the name Jean-Jacques Rousseau.

Intrigue pulled at Mirai when he went to look into Rousseau, only to discover that the name belonged to a *very* old French philosopher who spoke in favor of free will and personal autonomy at a time where those ideas were considered revolutionary.

The one and only time he had asked about their alias was when he decided that he had made the correct decision to try and look into the analyst.

Because their response had been, *"And you make a good point, although I believe you're missing mine. I sign my work with this name because the idea of free will and personal autonomy is **still** a revolutionary concept in Japan and while Rousseau decided to blame the science and arts for their lack of free will, I will use science and the arts to express our need for change."*

And Mirai promptly sent their response to all the Underground and Twilight heroes who had spoken with the analyst, just to enlist some more help with figuring out who the analyst was.

Enough were on board but a select few had pointed out the wording, saying that the analyst only expressed interest in using tools to help change society rather than being the face of change themselves.

Mirai wasn't buying it though.

No one wanted to change society without violence. It seemed like a repetitive need for humans to use violence for their advantage and he was undeniably nervous about this analyst being pushed over the edge towards villainy.

But then came the more in depth analysis for the heroes that had asked for one.

The analyst was blunt with the evidence, theories, and facts they had written and organized for them. Almost everyone had been called out for relying on their quirks too much, even if they used them marginally less than Daylight heroes tended to do.

Mirai's begrudging respect for the analyst rose when Rousseau called out Eraserheads excessive use of his quirk and reprimanded the hero for always giving himself dry-eye when it could've been avoided as well as taking the time to write two full pages on why his yellow

goggles needed to change before someone got the grand idea to ‘toss dirt in his face’ (*the wording was, admittedly, hilarious and Mirai made sure that no one saw him snort at the length that the analyst went through to try and convince Eraserhead to make a change to his support gear*).

And then one day, the analyst slipped up and their location was immediately pinged to one of the smaller apartments in Musutafu.

Nighteye was ecstatic and damn near bolted out of his agency so he could go speak to the person that had given them such forward thinking analysis while obviously refraining from the villainy route (even though it was still a possibility).

But then he came face to face with a plain looking boy, no older than twelve, and promptly turned around so he could scream into his hands in the car once he found out it was just him and his mother, Midoriya Izuku and Midoriya Inko, with his mother working as a travel nurse.

(*Mirai didn’t entertain the idea that the boy’s mother could be their analyst for long - everyone knew a travel nurse rarely had time to themselves, let alone time to email them such lengthy analysis.*)

And so he went back disappointed.

As time went on, he found small things about Rousseau that peaked his interest. Their wording suggests that they still went to school, presumably college.

They have an obvious child-like love for heroes but they aren’t blinded by their infatuation and still find improvements for them to work on. Rousseau tended to talk about quirks as if they were mere tools that certain individuals had access to, all while excitedly fleshing out the different applications they could be used for.

The years went by as Rousseau continued to send off analysis to them all, sometimes entertaining a certain Daylight hero or two.

A few wary Daylight heroes also tried to track down the analyst but they were either out of the country, or consistently using the Midoriya's IP address as a scapegoat.

And suddenly, he received a call from Toshinori at the beginning of the school year. He listened as Toshinori spoke in a fond tone about the successor that he had picked.

After Nighteye had rolled his eyes and decided to see for himself,

Toshinori started speaking about the reason why he had chosen a powerless boy over Nighteye's intern.

So Toshinori talked.

He spoke about how the child had an analytical mind that spoke volumes about the boy's behavior and maturity levels. He spoke about their intense beach training and his determination to succeed. Toshinori spoke, with respect and awe in his tone, about his successors plans to help create a society with hope.

And thus, Nighteye decided to let himself look into Toshinori's successor; Midoriya Izuku.

Admittedly, Nighteye had to stop himself from sprinting over to the address that had popped up when he searched for the child, immediately noticing that the address was the same that continued to pop up for Rousseau wherever their IP address didn't get distorted into the rural outskirts of France.

He decided to try and play it safe, opting to send a quick email off to Rousseau to ask about their age and/or gender. When the email came back saying that he was in high school and went by he/him, Nighteye couldn't stop himself from letting his forehead roughly slam into the edge of his desk while he actively had to stop himself from doing it again as he felt his annoyance at the situation grow while he texted the rest of the Underground group chat about his discovery.

Although, if Toshinori was right about the child then it would seem that Midoriya has the mind *and* heart for becoming a Symbol of Hope.

So Mirai bided his time and let Toshinori mentor this child before watching the sports festival.

…He filed out an internship form so quickly after the second round of the third event, his sidekicks must've thought he had missed an important deadline for some paperwork.

Because sure, Midoriya proved that he possessed enough brains to make it through the first two rounds of the sports festival with relative ease and impressive strategies but in the third event? During the one v ones?

It became clear that Midoriya was trying to use One for All the same way Toshinori had.

But Midoriya was too small for that to feasibly work, especially since he didn't have the height or muscle that Toshinori could hold in his All Might form. And Toshinori should be able to recognize such a thing, or at *least* inform Mirai that his successor habitually broke his *bones* everytime he used the quirk.

Honestly, for all the smarts and details that Midoriya was able to pick up as Rousseau, he seemed to be missing the bigger picture because of his inability to step away for a second.

Hopefully he could teach that habit out of him.

And, well he would be rather ecstatic to have a fellow intellectual to talk with, especially if he was privy to watching Midoriya analyze something or someone in real time.

If anything, only good things could come from this internship so Mirai let himself submit the form before messaging Toshinori about their lunch meet-up scheduled for tomorrow.

If he thinks he's getting out of the lecture Mirai has in mind for him, he's in for a rude awakening.

Chapter End Notes

> Alrighty!
>
> So, I mainly wrote Sir Nighteye like this because his beef with Izuku came from only knowing about him being All Might's successor and nothing else.
>
> Since he has this perspective, he doesn't think of Izuku as bad as he does in canon and I may have removed the All-Might shaped rose-tinted glasses he had on as well :))

Miruko

Chapter Notes

> I'm a bit nervous about this one since I feel like I wrote her as Bakugou but without the need for anger management classes. I dunno.
>
> Anyways, let's welcome my favorite girl of mha, Miruko!!

Rumi loved her independence. That's why she consistently worked alone, didn't own an agency and soloed her entire hero career right from the beginning.

Now, this isn't to say that she refuses to work with other heroes, even *if* teamwork tends to make other heroes weaker and slower since they rely on each other's powers all the time but she'll do it with large raids and important missions that she's occasionally asked to be a part of, even if she didn't like it.

But, she (surprisingly) didn't mind the small green-haired child who she saw running around her hero fights all the time.

Initially, she was annoyed at the kid's audacity to get so close to one of her fights with nothing but a notebook in his hand and stars in his eyes. But the boy quickly began moving other civilians in the line of fire and occasionally moving them away from the edge if they had gotten hit.

She's watched, over the years, as Midori (*she's never talked to the kid but the nickname suited him so she's not changing it now*) administered first aid to those that needed it as efficiently and quickly as some standard heroes could, enforced a level of crowd control that Kami Woods could only *dream* of when necessary, and consistently stayed on his toes and out of range from villains and her supermoves alike, moving a few seconds before the attack even physically happens.

So while Rumi technically *has* always worked alone and will continue to do so, she finds that seeing Midori help her out with civilians never bothered her.

In fact, Midori always seemed to make her job just a bit easier as she fought to subdue villains and criminals.

Rumi wasn't completely sure but she was fairly confident that she had heard about his involvement from other hero fights, mostly from Hawks and Edgeshot, and offered her nickname for him when they mentioned it.

And honestly, it will never get old when an exasperated medic would arrive and quickly tend to the injured as Midori gave them all of the necessary information about what happened.

So, like she said before, Rumi hasn't *actually* worked alone in a while.

And there was only one time where she thought she would have to save him from a hit that he took, instead of letting it hit another civilian (his body moving so quickly she had to ask herself if he had a speed quirk instead of a situational awareness quirk like she had always thought).

But instead of him becoming a victim, the boy merely rose up on shaky legs and continued to guide the other civilians all away from the edges of the fight.

As soon as Rumi finished up, she saw Midori speaking with one of the medics, who was in the process of trying to herd the boy into an ambulance as he continued to talk about the two other civilians that were hurt, leaving his information for last as he begrudgingly climbed into the back of the vehicle, finally realizing that his protests of being fine weren't enough to convince them to drop it.

Rumi couldn't stop herself from grinning as she handed over the villain to police custody, thinking about that moment. Sure, she was a bit concerned that Midori seemed to have such a high pain tolerance level since she knew from experience how much those hits had hurt, but she couldn't help herself from respecting the kid's resolve and sheer willpower.

He's got spunk and drive. Just the kind of thing she looks forward to seeing in the new generation instead of the idotic crowd followers.

And yeah, the kid is *absolutely* a hero fanboy, but he makes use of himself while he watches on instead of just standing in their way. He's never once asked for an autograph or tried to praise the ground that Rumi walked on and she'll forever find respect for Midori because of that alone.

And, Rumi had to admit, it was nice to see him start to gain muscles after he had helped carry so many people away from the fights, pulled

rubble out of the way of an elderly, or worked to maneuver around other people and kick debris out of their way.

She also couldn't deny what his presence seemed to do for the regular hero watchers in the crowd.

Initially, the people were annoyed at being bossed around by a little kid but he stood his ground. And after a few dozen people were strategically moved out of the way from incoming attacks, they started to follow his lead.

She could see how the crowd seemed to relax whenever Midori was with them, as if his mere presence would ensure their safety as they watched on.

During the years as she came up with new ways to incorporate her supermoves, she couldn't stop grinning to herself when she realized how Midori practically *lit up* and would gasp, everytime, without fail.

And no one but Rumi really *needed* to know why she was changing a few things up. But goddamn, it was an ego booster to watch Midori *shine* whenever she would do something new.

So no one really needed to know how worried she was when she slightly changed a move of hers and Midori watched with wide eyes, furrowed eyebrows and a frown in place.

He tilted his head and twisted his hands to the left, as if that would change her body placement, and she promptly followed the kid's subconscious hand movements as fast as she could.

She twisted slightly to the left before she could land and hit the villain dead-on, quickly noticing that her original position would've handed her a twisted ankle and a very awake villain.

As she turned back around, thinking about how she should properly (and finally) thank him, she noticed Midori was already at one of the medic's sides and pestering them about the health of the one civilian that had gotten in the way and ignored Midori's suggestions from earlier.

Snickering to herself, she just resolved to send the kid a thanks later and hauled the unconscious villain to their feet, walking off towards the police cars.

So when she saw the Midori kid on national television (*and his real*

name was Midoriya - how perfect was that), using his power to break his bones in his leg in order to shoot himself like a rocket towards the Todoroki kid, she couldn't help but be impressed that he had never actually used his quirk the entire time he helped people out at her hero fights.

And sure, she knew that she was known for being a loner and never actively working with anyone else.

But she also knew that she'd technically been working with the kid ever since he ran around in his too bright red shoes and hustled idiot civilians out of the way all those years ago.

So she quickly filled out one of those internship forms for him, already thinking about how they could build up his legs to withstand the sheer amount of power that came from a quirk like his, smirking to herself as she thought about the insane training routines she could put him through.

And hey, even if he *didn't* choose to go with her for an internship, she's positive she could steal him after one of her public fights and officially work with him for once.

Because Midoriya Izuku had undeniably gained her respect and she'll be damned if she never gets a real chance to work with him.

Hawks

Chapter Notes

> Hawks' Agency is located in Fukuoka, which is a ways away from Musutafu.
>
> I know this. You know this.
>
> So don't come for me because I'll explain how Izuku was able to run around so much of Japan in his POV.
>
> Deal? Deal :)

Keigo was a bit curious about the boy that Rumi called Midori.

He hadn't seen much of him, not nearly as much as the others do, but it was still nice when he noticed the kid hanging out on rooftops to watch him with a notebook in his hand and his mouth moving at the speed of light while he seemed to write down everything that was happening.

Kegio normally only sees the kid during the summer and winter breaks, which makes him curious but not curious enough to go and talk with the kid.

He was privy to knowing that the Commission *always* seemed to know who he talks to and when and he's not fond of the idea of them figuring out who exactly Midori was.

So he opts to just watch the kid and make sure he's fine.

After the first summer where Midori just spent his time writing in his notebook and glancing over at the crowds (*presumably to make sure they're all okay - as if Kegio didn't have enough feathers surrounding them*) the kid started moving around from his spot on the rooftops.

Kegio had been a bit worried when he first felt the feather that he kept beside Midori flutter but one glance to the side showed off the kid kicking and punching, obviously trying to practice a few moves that Keigo himself had used during the fights the kid had seen.

To his surprise, little Midori wasn't even half-bad with the moves he was trying to practice.

And so thus started up the little thing that he and little Midori had developed.

Whenever the kid was in town and showed up on rooftops to watch his fights and practice certain moves, Keigo forced himself to telegraph the move that Midori was trying to work out himself, while sending a few feathers towards the villains to make sure he wasn't making it too easy on them.

He still didn't want the Commission to touch the kid, especially since it seemed like the kid wanted to be a hero and would run the risk of getting sucked into their clutches like he had, so he refused to approach him after the fight was over.

Therefore, Keigo only let himself safely teach Midori from a distance. The first time Keigo had telegraphed his moves, Midori had physically *lit up* and grinned through flowing tears as he practiced the move a few more times, letting out an adorable cheer when he realized he had gotten it right and Keigo would discreetly send a thumbs up towards him.

Keigo made sure to brag about their very odd mentor-mentee relationship with each other to his other co-workers, letting smug surprise overtake him when he realized that even Endeavor seemed jealous at the progress, although that might be because little Midori absolutely refused to get close to any of Endeavor's fights, even as he moved civilians out of the way (*which eased a little something in Keigo's heart when he found out the kid actually shows up to All Mights and Endeavors fights*).

And then one summer, when little Midori could hardly be older than thirteen, Keigo watched as the kid jumped from the rooftop he had been occupying and quickly used the window ledges to safely get down the goddamn building before grabbing a civilian and yanking them out of the way, just in time for a sonic blast from the villain to pass by them.

Keigo quickly ended the fight then, not willing to draw it out any longer for the press to get new photos of him and for the public to start trying to hammer him with awe filled questions.

He couldn't even care about all of that (*although the Commission trained him to be better than his worries and he quickly found himself falling into his hero persona, even as his eyes darted around to look for little Midori*).

He found the boy quickly enough and didn't hold back his sharp grin

when he realized the kid was trying to glare at the other civilian (*even though he only succeeded in looking like an angry kitten*) and was reprimanding the lady for standing too close to the fight all while looking her over, presumably for injuries.

After that, Keigo started texting Rumi about all of his experiences with the kid and she had cackled over the phone before talking about her own experience of watching him control the crowd and standing his ground against people well into their forties, lecturing them on the dangers of active hero watching and the rules that they should follow if they want to continue to do so and not get sent to the hospital.

It was amusing to hear about, especially since he really only got to see the kid a few months out of the year. He listened fondly whenever Rumi would tell him about how much the kid had grown and if he had put on any more muscle or not.

Kegio legitimately cackled when Rumi fondly reminisced about a fight earlier that week where Midori had used a move Keigo had taught him to kick a civilian out of the way from one of the villain's attacks before Rumi could take them out and how she didn't hold back her snort when she saw it as she rounded up the villain.

So when Keigo saw little Midori on live television, racing through the air on a robot part he had ripped off sometime during the obstacle course and landed himself in first place, he was already texting his sidekick to make sure that he had the internship forms downloaded onto his computer, all while texting Rumi to let her know just how close the kid's nickname had been.

He quickly finished up his patrol route and sat back in his office to watch Midoriya Izuku stubbornly make his way through the first two rounds of the sports festival and proceed to decimate both himself and his opponents in a big display of power.

With how fast the kid seemed to move with his quirk, he couldn't help but wonder if little Midori would be able to keep up with him while he was in the air.

He couldn't *wait* to see if Midoriya and Tokoyami would accept his internship offers.

Ms. Joke

Chapter Notes

Alrighty!!

I actually have no idea how I'm supposed to write Ms. Joke so I just went with upbeat and angsty lmao.

Enjoy :))

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Emi enjoyed the excitement of being a Twilight hero.

Most people thought she would be an Underground when they met her during one of her late night patrols but she still garnered media attention for the sole purpose of using them to her advantage.

When she was younger, she would've given anything to be able to find a hero with a 'useless' quirk such as her own, which is the main reason why she lets people know that they can find Ms. Joke as a hero and helping people in her own way. She wanted to inspire anyone else who had dreams of becoming a hero but have always been put down for their 'weaker' quirk while also giving someone a reason to smile.

So when she saw a kid no older than ten throwing (what looked like) heavy pieces of trash and metal towards a strong, burly man and a girl was hyperventilating against the wall, she just *knew* she'd have to talk with the kid.

As she prepared herself to jump in, the kid moved in close and struck the man with a can of food on his temple and the guy immediately hit the ground. The kid didn't even *leave* but instead, made their way over to the woman and started speaking in hushed tones.

Emi just moved into the alleyway and restrained the burly man. She called the crime in and opted to wait and watch the two.

After a few minutes, the kid placed their hand on the woman's wrist and started exaggerating their breathing, eventually placing her hand on their chest as they did so.

Emi wanted to curse the lack of light in the alleyway, since she could only see an unruly nest of dark curls sitting atop the kid's head, a dark

hoodie that didn't seem to fit them completely, black pants (maybe joggers?) and bright red shoes.

Once Emi could hear the sirens, the kid glanced back over their shoulder and finally noticed them before turning back to the woman. They spoke some more before the kid started leading her out of the alleyway and onto a nearby bench.

From the light in the main streets, she could make out just how much baby fat was still on their face, with an adorable amount of freckles splattered across the bridge of their nose and across their cheeks. Their wide, bright green eyes seemed to soften every time they spoke with the victim and matched the dark green curls on their head.

Soon enough, a police car came and loaded up the criminal before they both turned to their guests. The kid nodded encouragingly and whispered something in her ear as she smiled shyly and nodded back, finally looking at Emi and the officer that were patiently waiting for them.

The officer made their way over and the woman stood to meet him while Emi opted to bypass them and speak with the kid.

"Hey! Whatcha doing out here?" She asked in an upbeat tone, smiling cheekily.

The kid just shrugged, looking at her for a bit before turning their attention back towards the woman. "I-I was out to get a snack but it l-looked like she needed some help."

Emi was…well *confused* to say the least. Hardly anyone stopped if they saw a crime. Everyone knows that's how the crime turns onto you, so not many civilians actually engage in a dispute.

"Alright kid! But you've got to be careful doing things like that! You don't want to end up a vigilante because then we'd have to have a serious talk!" She responded. Hopefully, she could explain the dangers of this path before it was too late.

The kid just frowned (*which had no right being as adorable as it was*) and looked up to her. "Vigilante?"

Emi smiled. "Yeah! Being a vigilante is dangerous and illegal. It's okay to help people but you can't do it like that."

The kid's frown didn't drop off but they did hum understandingly.

“But I-I can’t be a vigilante.”

“I know it, kid! That’s why you gotta wait until you’re old enough to make it into a hero school!” Emi responded.

“No, I-I mean. I *can’t* be a vigilante, Ms. Joke. I-I’m Quirkless. I was only helping.” They said, tilting their head just so as if they hadn’t just broken Emi’s worldview in a matter of seconds.

Quirkless.

Emi didn’t even *know* of any quirkless people in her generation, let alone the younger generations. It was as fascinating as it was worrying.

Sure, she believed that everyone had autonomy and could offer something special to the world. That wasn’t the issue. She had just never gotten the opportunity to know anything about the quirkless past rumors and statistics.

She was also curious to hear about how well the child seemed to know the law. They knew that they couldn’t be charged with vigilantism if they continued like this, especially since she knew they could argue that they were acting in self-defense the whole time.

Is this what Eraser meant when he complained about problem children in the group chat?

She’ll have to ask him tonight because this is one *hell* of a story.

“It’s fine if you’re helping but it’s still very dangerous to become a vigilante, even if you wouldn’t be one in the eyes of the law. Make sure to take care of yourself, okay?” She said, wrapping the conversation up since, *technically* , the kid did absolutely nothing wrong and seemed to be as stubborn as her students.

The kid nodded excitedly and *beamed* towards her. “Of-of course, Ms. Joke! Have a good patrol!”

Emi snickered to herself. “Thanks kid!”

And that was that.

Emi let herself wipe her hands clean from the interactions and went on her way, satisfied that she had tried to stop the kid from actively seeing out crimes and hopefully wouldn’t be seeing them anymore.

And then she went outside her agency, as soon as her shift started a week later, and noticed the same kid walking around with their hands in their hoodie pockets and a soft smile on their face as they strutted down the streets, late at night.

This was all a few years ago.

Eventually, she started hearing them being referred to as Yasashii, which amused Emi to no end.

Sure, they were gentle and kind to the victims but to the criminals and occasionally villains? Absolutely zero mercy was shown and almost every one of the villains brought through had ended up hurting themselves with their *own quirk* during the scuffle.

The kid was also very pleasant to talk to, even if they spoke in circles around her and the police alike when Emi and the officers tried to talk the kid out of helping people like this and just attending a hero school in the near future.

Emi thought her heart had actually cracked a bit when he looked up at her sadly and said the only high school he could even attend was either their normal district or UA, since neither of those schools required a quirk control test to be submitted upon entering.

It was such a small thing that Emi didn't even realize it would bar quirkless individuals from being able to even *attend* different schools, let alone a school of their choice.

She learned a lot from the kid as time went on. Emi didn't see them out too often, usually only during a weekend or sporadically throughout a month, never really sticking with a consistent schedule.

And she knows the kid learned a lot from her too. They started getting better as time went on; faster reaction times, better weight distribution, real offense and defense positions, and a healthy use of their legs during fights.

Eventually, the kid started slowly down with the amount of time he spent out during the night and she hardly ever saw them popping up anymore.

That is…until the sports festival.

Maybe it was because she had spent so long with them during the night, or maybe it was because their power was clearly new to them,

but Emi could just *tell* that they had gone through a forced quirk manifestation sometime in the three months that she hadn't been able to see them.

So she filled out an internship form as fast as she could, smiling fondly at the look that Eraser would give her when he found out about what she was planning on doing.

She didn't care.

Yasashii (*or should she call them Midoriya now?*) was her problem child first.

Chapter End Notes

> Izuku didn't give himself the vigilante name; the people who he saved did.
>
> Yasashii can be translated to kind, gentle, and/or friendly, which is how he comes off to those he helps.

Detective Naomasa

Chapter Notes

> This has to be one of my favorite POVs that I'm doing, since I enjoy the idea of Izuku being a menace to the police without even realizing it.

Naomasa was tired.

Sure, he was interested in his work and happy that this is the path he had decided to go down, but when he had to deal with an anonymous analyst and a child not-so-vigilante at the same time?

Count him out.

The child not-so-vigilante, also known as Midoriya Izuku, was amusing to say the least.

The kid held nice conversations with the entire precinct whenever he came in to report a crime or (*on quite a few occasions that will always make Naomasa force himself to not grip his hair so tight*) physically bring in a criminal and proceed to talk to everyone like it was normal for him to be doing at twelve years old.

He was polite, even while he was bluntly explaining why he can't be charged with anything and smiled at everyone.

Midoriya was a bit of a conundrum for the police force. There was a class they all had to take that spoke of the statistics of each minority group and what they, as police, need to do to prevent them from getting worse.

So when everyone learned that the kid was quirkless? Well, they were confused.

Granted, the only thing they'd ever been taught were the statistics and laws but they all seemed to figure out that they thought of the quirkless as lesser. Not consciously or with any malice written in the thoughts but they truly had convinced themselves that they were stronger and more capable than a quirkless person.

(Most officers had to take a bit to reflect on that, if only to make sure that they hadn't intentionally acting discriminatory towards a group while they were on duty.)

So Naomasa got to watch strong and grown officers try and keep up with the things that this kid said and did. By all rights, the kid defied logic.

Not because of his quirk status.

That would be stupid to think when Naomasa himself can only tell if a person is lying or not. But the situations and things that happen to Midoriya were something out of a drama anime.

No one person should have this much trouble presented to them while they were walking around, even if the kid was most active during the night.

If Naomasa didn't have the quirk that he did and Midoriya's records hadn't made it *clear* that he was quirkless, he would've been tempted to shove the kid into a quirk councilors office just so he could make sure Midoriya didn't have a trouble magnet quirk.

And then, Midoriya's address popped up during the anonymous analyst case and Naomasa couldn't bring himself to stop gaping at the reports for a full hour until Sansa came in to knock him out of his trance.

Midoriya just continued to be a conundrum from then on.

Despite what Midoriya managed to get himself into and the trouble that just seemed to *surround* the boy, Naomasa couldn't deny the fondness he felt towards the kid.

Midoriya hadn't ever lied to him before, even while he sheepishly explained what happened and an embarrassed flush would take over his face and neck. Midoriya consistently stayed polite to everyone (*sometimes even the villains*) and always, *always*, asked about the victims first.

So Naomasa decided to leave the little lead in the analyst case alone, since he trusted Midoriya to do the right thing, even if he seemed to find the most reckless way to do such a thing.

And soon enough, Eraserhead stopped by to show Naomasa the in-depth analysis that the man had asked for from the analyst known as Jean-Jacques Rousseau (*although Naomasa suspected this was the work of Midoriya*) and laughed before explaining what he knew to the hero.

To summarize the analysis with Naomasa's own feelings; it was

terrifying and brilliant.

He could understand why Nighteye had decided against thinking of Midoriya as a suspect for the analyst now.

With those five *in-depth* pages of analysis on Eraserheads support gear, fighting style, and quirk usage, Naomasa didn't even want to think that the sweet kid was even capable of that sort of thing.

Afterwards, the case was shelved and put away to no one's utter dismay since they all would've felt the effects if the analyst had gotten pushed over into villany.

And Naomasa started realizing that Midoriya hadn't been coming around as often or even stopping fights as Yasashii. He was a bit nervous and about two days away from bursting into the Midoriya home just to make sure nothing had happened when he got the call about the USJ being attacked.

Naomasa went, tried to question the kids even as they were getting over their shock and confusion, helped the other officers as he looked for evidence and things the villains could've left behind before he saw Toshinori and Midoriya.

A few awkward re-introductions later, Naomasa finally learned that Toshinori had chosen a successor and Naomasa honestly couldn't think of a better person to pass the legacy onto.

And a slow but fulfilling month went by with no activity from the League but plenty from low-level thieves and small-time villains running around before Naomasa sat back in his office and glanced at the screen playing UA's annual sports festival.

He damn near spat his (gross) coffee out as he watched Midoriya fly on a discarded piece of metal, watching a few others who recognized the kid do the same.

Eventually, sometime during the cavalry battle, Naomasa watched his boss smirk to himself as he filled out a few pieces of paperwork and silently stood, walked over to Naomasa's desk, dropped the papers and walked away.

Glancing down, Naomasa didn't bother to stop himself from sighing as he recognized the UA internship forms that had been filled out to request Midoriya Izuku.

Dear Lord, he couldn't even *imagine* what kind of special chaos Midoriya would create just by being here.

Nedzu

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Nedzu had a few odd hobbies to help pass the time.

Now, for a being such as Nedzu, many mundane hobbies and habits simply could not bring him joy or excitement since his mind tended to run too quickly and predict the outcomes that would eventually come to fruition.

So the fact that he had a *few* hobbies made him feel content.

One of the hobbies he tended to enjoy the most was a relaxing game of chess.

Most humans tend to operate the same way and use the same line of thinking but then there were the select few that thought so far out of the box that Nedzu always had to *work* to think about what his next move should be.

Another one of his hobbies included learning and understanding cultural practices.

This, admittedly, was one of the things that he tended to read up on whenever he struggled understanding the emotional drive behind why humans worded things certain ways. Nedzu wasn't emotionless nor heartless but he could not express the things he felt in the same fashion that humans could.

Since that always seemed to unnerve others, Nedzu studied.

He made sure to offer tea during meetings, learnt how to replicate a human smile, grin, and frown. He learned the importance they tended to place on the idea of respect and care towards others. And eventually, others began to underestimate him (*more than they already did*) all because he had figured out how to express himself in the same way humans were so fond of doing.

And his last, and most favorite hobby, was scrolling through online forums.

Now, Nedzu didn't care all too much about the heroes and villains

people would discuss. He didn't care for the emotion-filled responses to certain posts or anything like that.

No. Nedzu was interested in the enlightening discussions he would have with a certain user, who went by the name Fushigi.

They wrote out specific analysis about hero v villain fights that happened and tagged multiple different sources for the theories and logic they presented.

The way that they tended to talk and talk about different studies and how they could be related to the quirk they were breaking down was fascinating.

And Fushigi did all of this while writing about the changes society would need to make in order to respect the things that were being written about.

Nedzu had blinked in astonishment when he finally made the connection at what this author was speaking about, after reading four other articles of theirs.

That was the moment that Nedzu had gotten interested.

Since then, Nedzu made it his personal mission to dive further into their theories and suggestions while speaking with the author in their secure chat log. He was further fascinated at *that* particular discovery.

The chat boxes and logs within the standard forum websites were not difficult to hack and look through. And Nedzu had grown curious. So when he finally looked and attempted to hack the chat log, he was promptly denied and kicked out.

He couldn't hold back his animalistic grin even if he had tried.

For the next few months, Nedzu had gotten a routine down with the author. They would speak about different broad subjects and eventually narrow the topic down to one sub category before Nedzu would attempt to hack into the chat log and he would be kicked out within three minutes.

Each and every time that had happened, he had always been kicked out in different ways.

Which meant the author knew *exactly* what Nedzu was trying to do and continued to deny him. It was one of Nedzu's favorite games.

But Nedzu's curiosity always seemed to ruin his games whenever he got too excited.

Soon enough, Nedzu had found himself looking at an IP address located in a small apartment complex and with enough digging, proved that a Midoriya Inko and Izuku took residence there. What was interesting to learn was that Midoriya Izuku had made quite the name for himself, even if his alias differed from each project of his.

Apparently, Midoriya Izuku had been a suspect for Nighteye's case regarding the anonymous analyst case (*something Nedzu had been delighted to find out*) and he was also the reason for an open-and-shut case on a certain vigilante that liked to walk around during odd hours of the night.

And the thing that made Nedzu cackle?

The boy was *quirkless*. Nothing about him screamed special. There was no unique power that had molded him into what he was. The boy's physical characteristics were wholly and completely forgettable to most. He was the abnormal in an abnormal society and Nedzu couldn't have been more excited to know about him.

Everything that Nedzu learned about the boy only grew his interest.

It was quite the journey to watch Midoriya's skillsets grow and become something that could be feared by many, although Nedzu knew they wouldn't. All because he didn't have an interesting tool.

If anything, Nedzu figured that would be the reason people *should* fear the boy.

But, nonetheless, Nedzu decided to merely watch the young boy's development as he progressed.

And rewardingly enough, Midoriya was finally able to enter UA.

It did take Nedzu by surprise when Midoriya showed up to the heroics exam and showed off a powerful hit that destroyed a zero pointer, while also destroying himself.

He was irritated at the lack of information Yagi was willing to hand over but Nedzu had his ways and soon pieced together how Midoriya's quirk status had changed.

And all too soon, Nedzu found out that Midoriya *also* had his own

ways.

During the sports festival, Nedzu's business and work phone *would not stop ringing* and his inbox would *not stop refilling*.

He cackled the entire time he ignored the phone and refreshed his inbox page, delighted to see so many pro-heroes offering up internship spots for one Midoriya Izuku.

He seemed to have reached many during his escapades and Nedzu wouldn't dare to let his fierce grin drop as the offers continued to roll in.

Afterall, Midoriya had to choose *one* of them to go with while Nedzu was content with letting the boy finish out his first year before asking him to become his personal student.

And Nedzu found that he didn't mind playing the waiting game with Midoriya.

The boy likes to keep others on the edges of their seats and Nedzu was all too happy to comply.

Chapter End Notes

Fushigi is the direct Japanese translation for wonder or curiosity.

Izuku Midoriya

Chapter Notes

> Last chapter!!
>
> Enjoy Izuku reminiscing and being confused while Dadzawa shows off his endless patience during classes :))

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Izuku was well aware that he wasn't a normal kid.

Sure, most would argue that the glaring problem with him would be his quirklessness but Izuku knew it was because he tended to think about things a bit…differently.

He found joy in using his freetime to learn new things, study different quirk sciences, and entertain himself by breaking down different hero fights that he found (re: researched and raced towards).

He also found himself with quite a bit of free time because of his mother's job as a travel nurse. Most of the time, she stayed relatively close to home and was content with that but a few times, she liked to spread out and travel around Japan when Izuku had breaks from school.

He would *never* complain about being able to see different pro-heroes in action and it's not like he had any friends to miss when they went somewhere new.

So that's how he spent the majority of his time.

He researched the cities that they'd be staying in for a month or so during his school breaks, made sure he was careful enough while walking around in the foreign cities, and went to catch hero fights whenever he could.

He loved being able to watch his hometown heroes but there was something so interesting about being able to see new moves and different fights to Izuku.

Hawks was one of his favorite heroes to watch, mostly because the fights would go by so quickly and to get a good seat, Izuku had to climb up fire escapes to watch him from the rooftops.

A few times, he thought that Hawks had noticed him practicing moves on the rooftops since he seemed to slow down and telegraphed the move Izuku was practicing and sent out random thumbs-up after Izuku mastered a move, but he was smart enough to understand that that would never happen.

Izuku was plain and fitted into the background of people's minds more often than not.

Even during the fights that Izuku got more or less involved in (*especially with Miruko - the villains she fought tended to enjoy property damages - same with Endeavor*), but the heroes never seemed to notice or care that he was getting in their way.

Granted, Izuku took him time to memorize their fighting style and how that might spur the villain to react, so he did his best to grab civilians that were in the way and pull them away.

And while he called into Present Mic's show, Izuku couldn't help his excitement when he noticed the hero subtly answering his questions with clues over the phone calls that they had, inspiring Izuku's mind to work harder at deciphering their conversation that didn't seem to be coded to the naked eye.

Present Mic was a fantastic and respectful conversationalist, and the first hero he had given a nickname to (*with the help of his mother - she didn't want him to be called Deku over the radio*).

Even while he hung out on hero forums and debated his analysis and other quirk theories with like-minded people, he knew the only reason people were interested in what he had to say was because he never went by his real name and prevented anyone too curious to look into his account.

(*he always feared someone evil would try to get him or his mother ever since she sat him down and explained just how helpful his analysis was - he still had a hard time believing it but he would trust his mother.*)

His mother also loved to research and talk about other cultures, religions, and mythologies. That was her personal hyperfixation, just like Izuku's was breaking down quirks and important historical figures.

So she tended to gift him endearing and mildly embarrassing nicknames at times, which made it easier for him to create aliases for people to know him by and prevent anyone from finding him or his

mother.

Granted, a few people have given him nicknames he could seriously live without but others were very understanding and kind.

There was a man he had helped get away from a few other men one night who had looked down and whispered, "*Yasashii* " to himself.

It seemed to stick, since that's what he was called anytime he aided others when they were being mugged, or harassed, or targeted at night while he was just walking around.

It made him happy that there were kind people in the world, even if Izuku was undeserving of such fond nicknames being directed towards him.

Even in the police station (*which he's been inside too many times for his taste - but they were all relatively nice and respectful*) they called him either *Midori* or *Yasashii*, which made him smile just a bit brighter when he spoke with them.

He found joy in his talks with the Twilight Hero, Ms. Joke.

She was also one of his favorites since she tried to keep the happiness and excitement of everyday life alive and fresh, even for the victims she was saving. She wasn't rude or mean to him, even after finding out that he was quirkless. And she still seemed determined to try and make him care about himself as he walked around at night.

(*Izuku was not a vigilante, no matter what she or the police thought - he couldn't be one in the eyes of the law - and he didn't even have a patrol route or anything - he just wandered around the same parts he usually did.*)

And he *almost* freaked out when Sir Nighteye showed up at his doorstep, asking about who lived in his household and what their jobs were.

Izuku won't lie, he fought the amusement that was threatening to show on his face during the interaction and he snickered to himself quietly after he saw the hero groan in his hands when he walked back towards his car afterwards.

Izuku didn't know that they had been looking into his analyst email account but he knew there was no reason for it.

His mother had actually been the one to suggest sending them and Izuku wanted them to take the words seriously, so he created another alias. That way, his heroes would (hopefully) be more inclined to listen and take his suggestions seriously.

And then he met All Might and began training with the man on the beach.

He couldn't really go looking for too many hero fights during this time, and he was usually so exhausted from discovering many *new* muscles afterwards that he didn't go outside during the nights as often as he would've liked.

Once he got into UA and their rescue training had been attacked, he promptly panicked as he saw Detective True Man walk over to Izuku and All Might in his civilian form.

After an awkward ten minutes of re-introducing Izuku and the detective, they were finally able to give their statements and leave.

He did have to explain how he knew the detective to All Might afterwards but his mentor seemed to just smile and nod with a fond look in his eyes as Izuku sheepishly told him about all of the late-night confrontations he'd been a part of over the years (*he was **not** a vigilante - just don't tell his mother about it*).

Even with all of these interactions in mind, Izuku *still* couldn't understand what was happening right now.

Aizawa-sensei had turned on the projector and showed off just how many internships Izuku and his classmates had been offered.

And the only thing he could accurately guess was that his number was *wrong*.

"What?" Izuku couldn't help but voice his questions as he continued to stare at the board, sounding a bit more choked up than he meant to.

It's just - well - there **had** to be something wrong with the numbers.

He knew for a fact there would be no reason for him to have this many internship offers after his terrible attempt to prove to All Might that he would show the world he was here for them.

He acted impulsively throughout the entire event, going so far as to break his fingers during the first one v one fight he had and broke his

hand and arms over and over just to make a point to Todoroki during his other one v one fight.

He broke himself every damn time he used All Might's quirk and proved to Japan that he didn't know what he was doing.

So why?

Why and how did he have more offers than Todoroki and Kacchan combined?

Aizawa-sensei legitimately *rolled his eyes* at Izuku's question and lazily glanced at him before answering. "Midoriya, you are *aware* that the heroes know you, right?"

Izuku couldn't even *care* that Kacchan looked three seconds away from blowing Izuku sky-high for some answers. Izuku wanted some answers too!

So he asked, " *What?!* " one more time, just to see if Aizawa-sensei was messing with him and this was all just a logical ruse for whatever reason.

But no. Aizawa-sensei just hummed questionably and responded. "Midoriya, stay after class and we'll talk. The rest of you, these internships *will* open up more doors for you in the future…"

Izuku didn't have it in him to listen to the rest of Aizawa-sensei's lecture.

He was reeling from what he had just learned. The heroes *noticed* him. Was that a good thing? They wouldn't have sent him so many offers if it was a bad thing, right? Also, why did he have so many? He *knows* he hadn't run around to that many hero fights when he was younger.

All too soon, class ended.

Even though his classmates looked like they wanted answers, they all seemed to be able to tell that Izuku didn't have them, so they quickly packed up their things as Izuku sat with his head down, staring wide-eyed at his desk as though it'll tell him what happened.

"Midoriya," Aizawa-sensei called out after everyone had left.

Izuku lifted his head and his teacher seemed to take pity on him as his eyes softened. "Many of us are aware that you're Rousseau. And

everyone in the district had listened to your talks with Present Mic, who had bragged about knowing you in real life after the two of you met. Not to mention the amount of hero fights you frequent with the Daylights."

Izuku couldn't stop opening and closing his mouth. Words wanted to escape him and deny it all but Aizawa-sensei didn't lie. He deceived them and played a *ridiculous amount* of logical ruses but he hadn't outright *lied* to them. So he was left to stew in his confusion at his teacher's admission.

"But - *why would they notice me?* " Izuku whispered, trying to understand.

Everything that he had done out there was done quirkless and no matter how many people wanted to play nice, he knew that they thought he wasn't much because of it.

He had grown up to be plain his entire life, with only his mother advocating differently.

"Why wouldn't they, Midoriya?" Aizawa-sensei countered as he slid into Kacchan's seat to be directly in front of Izuku.

"I-I'm not s-someone they should pay attention to, I guess," Izuku responded, slowly working around his awe and confusion. "I've always been plain."

Aizawa-sensei furrowed his eyebrows. "I think the heroes that offered you an internship would beg to differ. There's not anything that could be considered plain about you, Midoriya."

Izuku let his eyes widen as he looked back to his teacher, who was ducking the lower half of his face inside his capture weapon, making it harder for Izuku to read his facial expressions.

That almost sounded like a compliment though Izuku couldn't be too sure with it coming from Aizawa-sensei.

Eventually, Aizawa-sensei just huffed and grabbed a *large* stack of papers and dropped them onto his desk. "Pick one and ask them, Problem Child. I think they'll surprise you."

Izuku absentmindedly nodded his head and looked down at the daunting pile of offers he had to sift through later that night with his mother.

Dear gods, he thinks the only internship offer he didn't get was from All Might.

Chapter End Notes

This is the end!!

Hope you all enjoyed cause I sure did :))

End Notes

Make sure to eat, drink, shower, take care of yourself, and enjoy!!

All love :)

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!